

of her manager, Mr. Frohman, she possessed the essential to be advanced to the position of a star. The wisdom of Mr. Frohman's judgment was immediately approved by the public, and henceforth to our old man had to be achieved such popularity and admiration as quickly as that which came to Miss Adams. Mr. Frohman's genius led him into the realm of a star J. M. Barrie's beautiful comedy, "The Little Minister," in which she made in less than a month a greater name than that of Lady Babbie, the Scotch lassie. Mr. Frohman selected Washington, the capital of the nation, where Miss Adams was to make her initial appearance in stardom.

It was in October, the first year of President McKinley's administration. While President McKinley and his wife were never great theatre-goers, they were present at the debut of Maude Adams' debut. The president and his wife were accompanied by his entire cabinet, all of whom occurred to be present at the debut of the British ambassador, and family, and almost the entire diplomatic corps were present upon this occasion. The president and his wife, who occupied high positions in the service of the government. It was a representative audience, and a high one, and it was at this time that the Lake girl, who was destined to fill a conspicuous niche in the dramatic world. Before Miss Adams' engagement was made, it was given she was the recipient of numerous invitations from the leading families of the capital city to be entertained. It was not that that she was given in her honor. Her triumph was complete in every way and today Maude Adams is the greatest stage favorite that visits the capital of the nation.

Following her successful advent in Washington, Miss Adams' next engagement was at the Empire theatre in New York. She was again at home, so to speak; she had

its best. But everything that appears on the stage is not drama. Fine dramatic human study, artistically executed, whether in sketch or in a five-act play, is the drama. Things that make no claim to be of any value save for excitement and entertainment are not drama, and they do not either vilify the taste for drama nor hurt the drama itself."

Isn't that a rather sensible view to take?

* * *

Nothing doing, this week except for Maude Adams at the Theatre. Shamus O'Brien, the second actor of the Grand, has canceled. Come to think about it, Shamus was scheduled for next week. He quit, or, in the words of the little "Carter" in "Du Barry" the next attraction in "The

through it all, and though the themes are ever in tune with the action on the stage, now light and gay, and presently sad and pathetic, the music returns again and again to the minor, and one must have heard and felt it to realize the full extent of the charm of its light and sad and saddest tones. Furst seems to have mastered fully the art of keeping his music in exact accord with the spirit of the drama, and in many places the music is so placed that it follows each and every passing mood and glides ever on and on, dying at last with the poor Du Barry, as if it were with her, carrying her to the end—her emotions—her sufferings—“even unto the end.”

In “Du Barry” Mrs. Leslie Carter has secured a triumph. The audience has been the more grateful to her because the theatre-gossamer of this city will soon have the pleasure of seeing her in this truly great drama.

Fay Davis, Marie Tempest and Vesta Tilley made up a trio of English actresses who have been in this country the present season who sailed back to London on the Oceanic last week. Miss Davis will come back next season, but it is not likely that America will enjoy an opportunity to see either Miss Tempest or Miss Tilley for some time as they have long London en-

Having leaped into prominence by his success in "The Earl of Pawcull," Lawrance d'Orsay is the subject of many anecdotes. One he tells on himself.

While playing in Philadelphia with "The Wilderness," in which, for a time he impersonated Herbert Graham, frequently called in the play "that silly ass," Mr. d'Orsay went each morning to the box office of the theatre to collect his mail. One morning, as he was about to open a bundle of envelopes, he heard three feminine chatterboxes discussing whether Charles Richmond had not at one time played the part of Roy Macomber in "The Captivity," having



Maude Adams

“A Chinese Honeycomb,” the English musical comedy, well known in the country, just made a new record in London, where it recently passed its one-thousandth consecutive performance at the Strand theatre. This is the first time a foreign musical comedy attraction in London. “Dorothy” was given 921 times, holding the record here. The record run for a regular theatrical attraction is held by “Cato,” which has been shown for 1,466 performances in London. In the early days of the English stage a run of thirty-five nights was considered marvellous. This was the record achievement of Addison’s “Cato,” which created a furore at that time.

"Good graces!" cried "Nancy Brown." "This is terrible, Barney; get me a coupe!"

Barney scratched his head and looked embarrassed.

"I can't do it, mum," he said; "the bar's closed."

* * *

For a few moments Manager W. A. Brady considered Canadian Charles Evans of "A Parlor March" fame as a possible candidate for his second revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which starred to death in Philadelphia recently. During these few moments Brady asked himself how much he could charge for the starring role of Mark

"The lawyer, in the revival.
"Four hundred dollars," replied Evans, without a second's hesitancy. Whereupon Brady stretched himself at large.
"What are you doing that for?" asked Mr. Evans, rather hurt.
"Oh, nothing," replied Brady.
"You are a lawyer, and you do make me feel so tired. I guess I shall have to play Marks myself."
* * * * *
When they celebrated the second anniversary of the burning of the Actors' home in West New Brighton, S. I., last week, Clara Morris was one of the speechmakers. And during her talk she insisted that it was a blessing
"I didn't know I was old," she said, "until I came down to New York this time, and now I'm having the time of my life. I don't care to sit in the corner to sit in so I won't be in the draught; the young men tell me their freshest stories; the young women tell me their love troubles—and many of the old men and they're not mine. Old age suits me all right."
"And never have I been so comfortable. Since I came here and found out that I was old, I have been much more at ease, larger than I used to, and



dam in "The Little

Indemnity. At the end of ten years, the theatre would not have to pay more than \$3,339.00. All this money would come with almost no sacrifice on the part of the givers, so little would any individual have to pay. You know there are many habitual theatre-goers who get their enjoyment in playhouses for nothing. I mean the class of people who go to the theatre for nothing. These are the ones who should contribute to the actors' fund."

Mr. Corfield went on to say that the plan involved no inquisition into the private affairs of the theatre-goers. The money would be trusted to give over the taxes on passes, and that the maximum contribution for one night would be \$1.00. The plan would be easily issued. Since the Association of Theatre Managers has already passed the rule, it is likely to bear fruitful results.

* * *

Exra Keudall started it. He wrote joke books and made considerable

After the second act of "Tohgenjin," as given by the Carl Rosa Opera Company,

you, England, recently, this conversation was heard between two occupants of the pit:

"Say, Bill, what do you think of it?"

"Well, I like it."

"Ah, you ain't seen it afore, has you?"

"No."

"Well, just wait until the next act. It's grand. You've got to see 'matie' go away for the Chuck yet."

* * *

A Parisian playwright has made the way for the Duke of Frodo, and again take up the question of touring. Maude Adams and Sarah Bernhardt in "Romeo and Juliet." He has written a play, half in English and half in French, for the use of the Duke of Lewis Waller, the English actor, and Madame Relane, the French actress.

These two prominent stage folk—each of whom is a national idol—by entering of the other's language—are great friends. They have waited for some time to appear together, but it was only recently that the previously English-born Parisian playwright, who by a mutual friend of the two stars, found means of placing them on an equal footing by writing a piece for their use, in English and half in French. Midway in the action the British her-

Minister."

From the gallery:
"A new pair of shoes for yours!" was shouted at the star.
The young lady applauded wildly when Parsifal declaimed—after the duck hunting—"I bow the knee to no king save one, the Redeemer." Later, when he pleaded by the words "I trust in the Lord," also "Nothing can be done without the help of the Redeemer."
The habit of dialogue was overheard in the foyer:
"What do you think of the show?"
"Fine! Them blokes over at the Metropolitan may put up more money to see it, but, say, ain't Mrs. Pinker the real thing?"
Heinrich Conried had his experience as a manager before he undertook either German, theatricals in the Irving Place theatre, New York, or German opera in the Metropolitan opera house.

"Exactly how old are you, anyway?" asked a friend of Lillian Russell.

"I have a friend," replied the actress with apparent irrelevance, "who was born in mid-ocean on an ocean steamer."

"How did she and her mother happen to land the steamer, on its return trip?" blew up. So practically she has no birthplace. My age is like that," she added, after a pause.

* * *

Not long since Madame Patti said that she attributed the present condition of her health and her voice, both of which she considers very good, to

the fact that she had always, in the past, opened her windows. She believes in fresh air, and the window of her own room is kept wide open night and day, no matter what the condition of the weather.

Dr. Bernhardt, however, who also is looked to for expert testimony in the matter of health preservation, employs a different system. "I am the opposite of Mme. Patti's," the French actress says. "For she demands air while I live always shut in."

But in the matter of exercise to the theatre, Enthusiasm keeps me alive and well. The fatigue of the theatre delights instead of weakens me.

"I go to bed at 9 o'clock in the morning and get up at 5 o'clock. I am for twelve hours in the theatre without the fresh air or the daylight. At Belle Isle, in the summer, I am content to sit in the shade where I am and the house the windows are wide open."

Most of the other celebrated women asked about their daily regime, em phasize the importance of fresh air. Madame Gaudier found her greatest recreation in resting at her Neuilly villa and in travel.

Madame Gaudier, who has been an invalid for many years, and is therefore the possessor of an authority on the subject

than some of the others, recommended bathing as the best means of keeping in strength and health.

"I sleep ten hours and go to bed in morning," he said. "I do not take exercise, without stopping to take supper." The stupid part of the whole thing was that, in spite of all these rules, it looked as if Mr. Thompson were going to protect one against the ravages of the years, they are at least worth trying.

At the opening of the theatrical season last fall, Miss Irving, who had been Israel Irving, agreed to contribute \$250 apiece each month to pay for a house for the poor people of New York City, located in New York Time. The money for the purchase was raised by subscription, and she paid \$600, and as the title stands in Miss Irving's name, it was her duty to see that the money was used to remit his share to her, and she would carry out the plan. When the time came, when the money was made, it was expected that Mr. Thompson would have received his share of the money.

[illegible]

is from the pen of a Young Whire, and is a very good example of Dramatic criticism is of three kinds. There the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he knows, and there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he doesn't know. The first is impersonal; the second egotistic; the third is aristocratic. The first will tell you about the play; the second will tell you what he ought to have said, and the third will tell you what it shouldn't be allowed to say at all. The method of the first is inductive; the method of the second is deductive; the method of the third is astine. The impersonal critic has taste, and the eternally moral critic has billingsgate.

It has been decided that Edna may win her first big role in "The School Girls," when that musical comedy is put on at the Dime Theatre. Miss May has been in this country for some time. She came back from London's great success—"The Belle New York"—in London, but was not well received on this side. At present she is making a tour of the country, and it is said that was recently revived on the other side, but will soon abandon that part, and return to America, where she is now taking up her stage work again in her native land.

That the theatrical season is practically over is shown in the numerous reports of closing theatres throughout the country. In New York City, the Gotham have ended their rather indifferent seasons, while in Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere, the same reports are read. The western houses seem to be hanging on a little longer, but even there the season has been profitable, and the managers are loth to let go of a good thing until they can get another year out of it. It is said that many a manager heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the shutters were about to come down. There never was the worst theatrical season in that section of the country that has been known in decades.

In a recent interview Harry B. Smith made the following statement: "I shall like to write a libretto for a musical play

than to write a play. In substantial support of this claim America's foremost literary critic stated the facts that Arthur Wing Pinero, Sir John Galsworthy and other writers of librettos, while on the one hand their plays are unquestionably successful, are on the other hand, and essentially a writer of librettos, and yet they have turned out several successful plays to play writing, and always successful. Smith might be maintaining, he has argued, that the system of librettos is too far beneath critical consideration to be taken into account.

* * *

The scheme formerly tried of assessing the value of an actor's work in the theatre, the same to go as well to the Actors' home fund, has been revived in the form of a new initiative, called "Til For Tat" in New York, took its initiative last week, and following the example of the Actors' fund, has collected a neat little sum in this way. It is to be hoped that the system can be successfully maintained, that man-

send the big cast out on the road for a considerable tour this season. The first of these, who played the role of a St. Louis Charity in the revival, bid adieu to the stage last night. The closing performance of the run Saturday night was made a memorable one, and with that the company will be on the road. The tour was a showery one, and gratifying for the many kind remembrances that her brief return to the stage awarded.

Breaking the Sad News.
(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Mrs. Gottwads," said the gentleman as he took a seat in the luxurious and comfortable Pullman car, "I am sorry to tell yourself be unduly alarmed, but I have just received the sad news to the effect that 'Oh, heaven!' she cried, throwing her hands and casting at him an angry and long look. "You are joking," she said, "happened to Reginald! Speak! Tell me that he is not—dead!"

"No, no, no," he said, "Calm yourself, please insist that you try to control your nerves. You see—"

"What?" she asked. "He went away in the automobile an hour ago. Something

- tree of knowledge may be mentioned:
- 1.—The agnostic who knows too much to know anything for a certainty.
- 2.—The "know-nothing" who knows only how to know nothing.
- 3.—The "criminally insane" individual who knows too much to know anything but he didn't know any better.
- 4.—The youth who knows more than fifteen years his father at fifty.
- 5.—The man who knows how to know how to know good enough because he needs to know nothing else.
- 6.—The scholar who knows a great deal but knows not how to use his knowledge.
- 7.—The society bud who knows how to look so charmingly free of all knowledge that he can't even find his way to his father's money supplies the place of knowledge in his place.
- 8.—The man who knows that society owes him a living, but knows not how to

collect it.

"The office seeker who knows that he knows how to get the right job, won't need to know how to fill it."

10.—The questioner who is interested only in what she ought not to know.

12.—The workman who knows a great deal about his work, but nothing about himself.

13.—The doctor who knows how to diagnose his patient's pocketbook instead of his disease.

Glimpses Into Mystery.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Narcissus was looking at his reflection in the pool.

"If you have a haircut and a shave," said he. So saying, he hiked for a barber's and took a number.

Aeneas was giving out rain checks the Sunday ball game in Troy.

"If we can overtake him on our side," sighed, "we could get him to defy lightning."

Cicero was disturbed, he watched the clouds gathering overhead.

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**Friday's Entries.**

(New York Sun.)

Robinson Crusoe spied the footprints.

"If I see one overtaking me, I will walk home from the handicap myself, but never beat my shoes too."

His horse was galloping with sympathy as he hastily followed the trail.

SALT LAKE THEATRE.—  
Monday, Tuesday and Wednes-  
day evenings, Maude Adams in  
"The Little Minister": Thurs-  
day, Friday and Saturday even-  
ings, dark theatrically.  
GRAND.—Dark.

A delightful musical event of last week, from the standpoint of artistic merit, as well as from that of appreciation by a large audience, was the recital in the Congregational church by pupils of Miss A. C. Skelton, and Miss Adams. All of the sixteen numbers except the last, a quartette selection, "The Lost Chord," by Mrs. Melvin, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Madeline and Mrs. Cook, were by pupils. The work of each participant was exceptionally fine. Mr. Skelton, through his pupils,

organization has received no notice in many parts of the country, and the advance representative is authority for the statement that Salt Lake is to have the next Vaudeville entertainment. It was not until we had reached the city that we saw the evidence. The company has two skits that are said to be very amusing, "What Happened to Brown?" and "The Furnal of the Brown." We saw them during this engagement.

\* \* \*

Commenting on what the thoughtless are inclined to call the decadence of the Pacific Coast, I observed to the great critic of the Pacific coast—and we are not forgetting Ashion Stevens, either—

—say: Suppose one can always find weaknesses and faults, serious defects, in everything. Religion has them; science has them; literature has them; art has them; the sciences of warfare have them. Discussions of the drama have everything that is played upon a stage with certain and footholds is called the drama. I do not mix up great poets and librettists, and I do not mix books with the trivial trash of fiction, sound literature of thought and study with the mere ephemeral flying leaves of comment.

—We bunch together, the most

its best. But everything that appears on the stage is not drama. Fine dramatic human study, artistically executed, whether in sketch or in a five-act play, is the drama. Things that make no claim to be of any value save for excitement and entertainment are not drama, and they do not either vilify the taste for drama nor hurt the drama itself."

Isn't that a rather sensible view to take?

\* \* \*

Nothing doing, this week except for Maude Adams at the Theatre. Shamus O'Brien, the second actor of the Grand, has canceled. Come to think about it, Shamus was scheduled for next week. He quit, or, in the words of the little "Carter" in "Du Barry" the next attraction in "The

through it all, and though the themes are ever in tune with the action on the stage, now light and gay, and presently sad and pathetic, the music returns again and again to the minor, and one must have heard and felt it to realize the full extent of the charm of its light and sad and saddest tones. Furst seems to have mastered fully the art of keeping his music in exact accord with the spirit of the drama, and in many places the music is so placed that it follows each and every passing mood and glides ever on and on, dying at last with the poor Du Barry, as if it were with her, carrying her to the end—her emotions—her sufferings—“even unto the end.”

In “Du Barry” Mrs. Leslie Carter has secured a triumph. The audience has been the more grateful to her because the theatre-gossamer of this city will soon have the pleasure of seeing her in this truly great drama.

Play stars Miss Marie Tempest and Vesta Tilley made up a trio of English actresses who have been in this country the present season who sailed back to London on the Oceanic last week. They have not sailed back next season, but it is not likely that America will enjoy an opportunity to see either Miss Tempest or Miss Tilley for sometime, as they have long London engagements booked ahead for them.

★

Having leaped into prominence by his success in "The Earl of Pawucket," Lawrence D'Orsay is the subject of many anecdotes. One he tells on himself.

While playing in Philadelphia with "The Players," in which for a time he impersonated Herbert Graham, frequently called in the play "that fly ass," Mr. D'Orsay went each morning to the box office of the theatre to collect his share of the morning, while running over an assortment of envelopes, he heard three feminine ticket buyers discussing whether "Charles Richman had not at one time been a member of the National Association of the Deaf."

Interested in the controversy, having

himself won his first distinction in America in the role of the king in that play. He had been so anxious to get to learn the conclusion arrived at, and incidentally, as he confesses, with the hope that he might glean a crumb of favorable comment about his own work in the production.

When the three women eventually determined that Charles Richman had at no time been a member of "A Royal Society," they had reached the point that threatened to override formality and reveal his identity. While he was debating how best to make himself known to the young ladies and forestall the three women's spite him.

"Oh," she blurted out as the trio moved away, "there is that silly ass

In Buffalo Marie Cahill stopped at one of the best hotels. There she met Barney, who has been "over" but six weeks. He came in answer to her ring, and—well, this is how it happened:—

Barney, who is now in the city, told Miss Cahill received a note from Clara Palmer of her company to the effect that the latter was ill at another hotel.

"The lawyer, in the revival.  
"Four hundred dollars," replied Evans, without a second's hesitancy. Whereupon Brady stretched himself at large.  
"What are you doing that for?" asked Mr. Evans, rather hurt.  
"Oh, nothing," replied Brady.  
"You are a lawyer, and you do make me feel so tired. I guess I shall have to play Marks myself."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
When they celebrated the second anniversary of the burning of the Actors' home in West New Brighton, S. I., last week, Clara Morris was one of the speechmakers. And during her talk she insisted that it was a blessing  
"I didn't know I was old," she said, "until I came down to New York this time, and now I'm having the time of my life. I don't care to sit in the corner to sit in so I won't be in the draught; the young men tell me their freshest stories; the young women tell me their love troubles—and many of the old men and they're not mine. Old age suits me all right."  
"And never have I been so comfortable. Since I came here and found out that I was old, I have been much more at ease, larger than I used to, and

my waist line has entirely disappeared. It's gone."

The next speaker was Heinrich Conrad, who has a plan for adding revenue to the actors' home front through the collection of "stage" adhead taxes.

By carrying inquiry, he said he impressed, "I have ascertained that there are about 5,000 theatres and concert halls doing business in this country, and that they are open on the average, 100 nights a year. I have also ascertained that about five passes, or tickets, are issued for every performance. On the basis of these figures that if each seat is taxed 10 cents the actors' fund will get thereby the sum of \$10,000,000."

"I propose that this tax be placed not for this year, or for ten years, but

money with them. Now all the comedians are doing it. Eddie Foy is writing a book about his own life, and so is a book, "Peter Bailey may sell out his cigar business and buy pens and ink and paper with the proceeds." "Land-lords Who Have Met Me," "Among other things which will be in this book," says the long comedian, "are the tapes and the tape of the 'prong' chicken croquettes out of beef, mutton, and hog scraps, and the best way to shake up a corncob mattress so that it will last for more than 500 holes worn through his cuticle as a result of one night's sleeping."

Eddie Foy's literary ambition is a fact. So is the fact that the Broadway theatre has told no one but the newspapers: As there were many rumors as to the character of the book, some of them very bad, Foy has written a note book, still others a hand book,

you, England, recently, this conversation was heard between two occupants of the pit:

"Say, Bill, what do you think of it?"

"What?"

"Ah, you ain't seen it afore, has you?"

"No."

"Well, just wait until the next act. It's grand. You've got to see 'matie' go away for the chuck yet."

\* \* \*

A Parisian playwright has made the way for the Duke of Frodo, and again has tipped the question of touring. Maude Adams and Sarah Bernhardt in "Romeo and Juliet." He has written a play, half in English and half in French, for the use of the Duke and Lewis Waller, the English actor, and Madame Relane, the French actress.

These two prominent stage folk—each of whom has national fame—entering of the other's language—are great friends. They have waited for some time to appear together, but it was only recently that the previously English-born Parisian playwright, who by a mutual friend of the two stars, found means of placing them on an equal footing by writing a piece for their use, met them in London and in the Strand Midway in the action the British her-

of his play suddenly discovers that the heroine of it is a French woman whereupon he insists that they converse hereafter in her native tongue. It should be explained that the plot is a trifle complicated. The play that Walter and Rejane will give at a matinee in London early in June, and which the French actor will have to do as a metropolis, will be a short season with Coquelin.

With some such adaptation of the Shakespearean plot, the French and Shakespearian plots succeed admirably.

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During a recent performance of *Phryne* in New York, the actor who played the name part was squeaking shoes. When he ascended or descended the stage, the audience heard a high flight of *squeak squeak squeak*.

city and standing near the ticket taker. The opera house was full, but the seats were all placed in the box. A large, red-faced man, who looked like a savage-looking bulldog by a chain, approached and grumbled at the man who he wanted to hear the music. The ticket taker looked toward Mr. Conried, and at the same moment one of the theatre staff whispered in his ear.

"That's Alderman So-and-so. Better let him pass," said Mr. Conried.

"All right. Go in," said Mr. Conried.

"But you must have your dog outside," said the man.

"Sure," said the aldorman, loosening the chain from his wrist and handing the ticket to the man. Conried, "You can take care of him."

The manager looked down at the bulldog, at the ugly upturned face, and he hurriedly led him out of the theatre, and then he hurriedly

the fact that she had always, in the past, been a lover of windows. She believes in fresh air, and the window of her own room is kept wide open night and day, no matter what the condition of the weather.

Dr. Bernhardt, however, who also is looked to for expert testimony in the matter of health preservation, employs a different system. "I am the opposite of Mme. Patti's," the French actress says. "For she demands air while I live always shut in."

But in the matter of going to the theatre, Enthusiasm keeps me alive and well. The fatigue of the theatre delights instead of weakens me.

"I go to bed at 9 o'clock every morning. I get up at 5 o'clock. I am for twelve hours in the theatre without the fresh air or the daylight. At Belle Isle, in the summer, I am content to sit in the shade where I am under the house the windows are wide open."

Most of the other celebrated women asked about their daily regime, em phasize the importance of fresh air. Madame Gaudier found her greatest recreation in resting at her Neuilly villa and in travel.

Madame Gaudier, who has been an invalid for many years, and is therefore the possessor of an authority on the subject

and that Miss Irving's engagements would be chiefly metropolitan. The investigation also showed that Mr. Thompson played for several months in the city while his wife was in the hospital, and that about the time the April payment was due she was in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. May 1, 1912.

Under the existing conditions of dramatic rivalry the routes of traveling companies are kept secret from one another to members of the traveling companies and in order to ascertain the whereabouts of it at all times, the following is as important as to carry an inclosure of \$2, should certainly reach her, Mr. Thompson, for the route of his wife's engagements. It was of course supplied to the following:

1. Mr. Thompson, April 12, 1912. Orde, 13 and 15; Idle, 15 and 15; Logan City, 13 and 15; Carson City, 13 and 15; Sacramento, 13 and 15; San Francisco, 13 and 15; "Idle, Utah," was the place where the Thompsons were.

dear wife. Then he wound up by saying that his own play was gaining for him the same kind of popularity as the source of anxiety. This done, he set out to look up his first letter at the post office, but it was in vain. No sign of it could he have had, although the department in Washington was on the point of stopping payment on his first check, who a letter from him would have put out of his mind. In it she thanked him for paying her share of the house money, and she mentioned the fact that she had evidence of the success of your play, dear, and I thank you very much. I am sure that you will be very successful on my arrival here, and the same evening she wrote to "Idle, Utah," addressing the letter to the "Idle, Utah," theatre. Thanks again, dear."

\* Not one word about "Uncle Billy" longed and carefully.

Here's a neat bit far from Inapt summing up of dramatic criticism and criticism.

It has been decided that Edna may win the part in her original role in "The School Girls" when that musical comedy is put on at the Dime Theatre. Miss May has been in this country for some time. She came back from a tour of the great cities—"The Holy New York" in London, but was not well received on this side. At present she is in New York, but she is not sure that she was recently revived on the other side, but will soon abandon that part, and return to her native land, and be taking up her stage work again in her native land.

\* \* \*

That the theatrical season is practically over is shown in the numerous reports of closing theatres in New York and Gotham. Here and there a theatre is still open, but their rather indifferent seasons, which in New York and Boston the same reports are read. The western houses seem to be hanging in. The American season seems to be the season has been profitable, and the managers are loth to let go of a good thing that has been profitable. The season is said that many a manager heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the shutters of the winter theatres were closed. The worst theatrical seasons in that section of the country that has been known in a decade.

\* \* \*

In a recent interview Harry B. Smith made the following statement: "I shall write a libretto for a musical play

The spring rush of "The Two Orphans," with an all-star cast, came to close in the New Amsterdam theatre last Saturday night in New York. This revival of the popular play, which had run for an average receipts close to \$17,000 every week of its long stay there, in fact, has been one of the most successful of the final promoters have decided to keep it in the theatre for a few more weeks, if not possible, and by filling in the

"But I thought you said it was going to be something terrible? Ah, you say that's all right. Well, that's the truth. I must know all! Don't tort me this way. You are cruel. Let me know what's going on! I'll try to bear up. Oh, my boy! My people! Take me to him! Where is he?"

"You see, On was going faster than law allowed, and ran over an old lady. They arrested him for manslaughter, and he's in jail. He's not going to be bound, so that—?"

"I'm so relieved. Really, the way you spoke, I couldn't help thinking it was something serious."

Useless Fruit.  
(Ham's Horn.)

collect it.

10.—The office seeker who knows that if he knows how to get the right job, won't need to know how to fill it.

11.—The equivoquant who is interested only in what she ought not to know.

12.—The workman who knows a great deal about his work, but not about his employer.

13.—The doctor who knows how to diagnose his patient's pocketbook instead of his disease.

**Glimpses Into Mystery.**  
(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

"Nardus was looking at his reflection in the pool.

"If we have a haircut and a shave," said he. So saying, he hiked for a barber's and took a number.

Aeneas was giving out rain checks the Sunday ball game in Troy.

"If we can overtake him on our side," sighed, "we could get him to defy lightning."

Gregory was disturbed, he watched the clouds gathering overhead.

**Friday's Entries.**  
(New York Sun.)

Robinson Crusoe spied the footprints.

"If he goes on overboard," he said, "I will come from behind the handspike myself, but never beat my shoes too."

His horse was galloping with sympathy he hastily followed the trail.